

N. B.—We can only mention a few of the hundreds of articles included in this great April sale.

25c. Pinkham's Pills.....17c
25c. Radway's Pills.....17c
25c. Backwith's Pills.....17c
25c. Booth's Pills.....17c
25c. Brandreth's Pills.....17c

Our Regular 25c Imported
Tooth Brushes, special

price.....17c
25c. Dewitt's Pills.....17c
25c. Malena Pills.....17c
25c. Harter's Liver Pills.....17c
25c. Jaynes' Sensitive Pills.....17c
25c. Kilmor's Pills.....17c

25c. Roger & Gallet's Soaps,
all odors.....17c

25c. Munyon's Paw Paw Pills.....17c
25c. Capudine.....17c
25c. Peterman's Roach Food.....17c
25c. Dixie Nerve and Bone Liniment.....17c
25c. 3-gr. Lithia Tablets.....17c
25c. Yager's Liniment.....17c
25c. Pasteurine Liquid.....17c
25c. Pasteurine Paste.....17c
25c. 1 doz. A. K. Tablets.....17c

Superior grade of Bath
Sponges, special price.....17c

25c. 50 McGuire's C. B. Pills.....17c
25c. 50 2-gr. Quinine Pills.....17c
25c. 50 2-gr. Quinine Pills.....17c
25c. 1 doz. 8-gr. Quinine Pills.....17c

Polk Miller Drug Co., 834 EAST
MAIN ST.

CROWDS

flock to our stores to take advantage of this great sale, which will be continued for the balance of this month. No such values were ever offered before. Everything has been sold just as it was advertised. Why not grasp this great opportunity to save money on your drug and toilet purchases. Come and bring your friends.

17c

THIS SALE

is not for a day or a week, but for the whole month of

APRIL

N. B.—We do not confine you to a single article, nor do you have to bring a bottle with you. Our motto, "The best for the least money."

All of the Best Grade 25c
Hard Rubber Combs.....17c
25c. Bucklen's Arnica Salve.....17c
25c. Frostilla.....17c
25c. Packer's Tar Soap.....17c
25c. Chelf C. Caffein Comp.....17c
25c. Arnica Tooth Soap.....17c

A summer luxury, Bath
Mits.....17c

25c. Cuticura Soap.....17c
25c. Camm's Corn Solvent.....17c
25c. Sozodont.....17c
25c. Pear's Shaving Soap.....17c
25c. Piso's Cough Cure.....17c

You'll never regret buying
our 25c Razor Strip
for.....17c

25c. Winslow's Syrup.....17c
25c. Black Draught.....17c
25c. Listerine.....17c
25c. Formold.....17c
25c. Danderine.....17c
25c. Paracamp.....17c

Half an ounce of any of Rie-
ger's Perfumes.....17c

25c. Stuart's Charcoal Lozen-
ges.....17c
25c. Euthymol Tooth Paste.....17c
25c. Dead Stuck.....17c
25c. Stiefel's Medicated Soaps.....17c

One full pint of Witch Hazel,
best grade.....17c

25c. 25 3-gr. Quinine Pills.....17c
25c. Colgate's Toilet Waters.....17c
25c. Florida Water.....17c
25c. 1 box fresh Sedlitz Pow.....17c
25c. Best Perox Hydrogen.....17c
25c. Payson's Indelible Ink.....17c

Hard to duplicate for 50c,
Shaving Brushes; our
price.....17c

25c. Frayser's N. and B. Lin-
iment.....17c
25c. Mentholatum.....17c
25c. Munyon's Remedies.....17c
25c. Humphrey's Remedies.....17c
25c. Bull's Cough Syrup.....17c

1-lb. Merck's Granulated
Phosphate of Soda, April
price.....17c

25c. Brown's Bron. Troches.....17c
25c. Santol Tooth Powder.....17c
25c. Simmon's Liver Regulator.....17c
25c. Cephaline.....17c
25c. Woodbury's Facial Soap.....17c

The Easter of a Soul.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

"THE days grow longer," said Mrs. Burton, and her tone was as melancholy as the wind that sighed in the bare boughs.

"But the light grows stronger," said Stella, and her voice had that ring which makes a dark day bright. Indeed, besides that of years, the difference between the two women was that between fall and spring. One dark and pale, but still beautiful in the way twilight is; the other with eyes blue as April skies and a smile like April sunshine chased by tears.

"It is so much more to endure," said Mrs. Burton, "while it is day, than to be awake suffering; but when it is night one may sleep."

"I don't want to sleep," said Stella. "I want to live every moment of my life. I want to be dreaming with my eyes open about Geoffrey's coming home."

"When you know he never will," said Mrs. Burton, "it is day, and you are awake suffering; but when it is night one may sleep."

"Stella, what strange reasoning!" "Oh, not reasoning at all; just certainty. Mother mine, what if I had a telegram saying he would be here to-morrow?"

"You are cruel to jest so. As if we could have a telegram now, when we haven't heard for years and years!"

"It would take Fine Ears himself to hear voices from those islands of the far seas where you are persuaded the yacht was cast away. But suppose at last he had been taken off, had been brought to these shores, would he with us presently, only bidding us ask no questions of the life, it is so sad to remember?"

"Oh, it would be absurd the way you talk if it wasn't mockery. You ought to be crying, you ought to be in the depths, you ought to be sympathizing with me if you can't mourn for yourself, you ought to be thinking what he has suffered and what we have to suffer in all these weary years. What in the world are you doing, Stella?"

"Getting down the cups he brought home once from the China seas. To-morrow is Easter, you see," she said, smiling down from the perch she had mounted like an angel in a picture. "And we'll make a little feast of it. We'll have the silver out—what is left of it—and the old cutglass. And we'll have grape fruit, and creamed wheat, and scrambled eggs, and buttered toast, and a roll to crumble for the birds, and waffles for syrup—the licent syrup thine with cinnamon—and coffee made by your old rule."

"You are not out of your head! Why under heaven should we make any feast in this house of mourning?" "Just because we are under heaven, little mother. And then, who knows—it will be Easter, the day they rise from the dead—we may have company at breakfast."

"Well," said the mother, "I shall go to bed and leave you to your dreams. I wish I could dream them, too." "I wish you would. Don't you see that?"

"Good night, dear child."

Yet, after all, they were strange dreams with which the younger woman was left. The whole world just now was in a glory in her mind; but as far as recollection went it was a sequence of light and shadow—bright sunshine and dark gloom. The sunbeams were that morning in the garden when she trained the rose and an arm reached over her and bound them on the wall, was that noon when to breathe the full of the fragrance of ripening grapes and plum was like drinking some unknown wine, and she strolled down the garden walks with Geoffrey, the yellow leaves drifting around their feet and giving a gust of melancholy that kept the rest from being too dangerously sweet; the sunshine was that afternoon when the thunderstorm came up and they were hurrying to the house and a great bough crashed off the old oak and Geoffrey, with a quick exclamation sprang to snatch her from its blow and caught her in his arms, and she knew that at last he loved her; the sunshine was that day a year later when they all walked to the little village church together, a few rods down the lane, her white veil fluttering about her, her orange flowers, morning in the garden when she trained the rose and an arm reached over her and bound them on the wall, was that noon when to breathe the full of the fragrance of ripening grapes and plum was like drinking some unknown wine, and she strolled down the garden walks with Geoffrey, the yellow leaves drifting around their feet and giving a gust of melancholy that kept the rest from being too dangerously sweet; the sunshine was that afternoon when the thunderstorm came up and they were hurrying to the house and a great bough crashed off the old oak and Geoffrey, with a quick exclamation sprang to snatch her from its blow and caught her in his arms, and she knew that at last he loved her; the sunshine was that day a year later when they all walked to the little village church together, a few rods down the lane, her white veil fluttering about her, her orange flowers,

And after that it was all sunshine for a bewildering, delightful space, and then on a sudden gloom, black gloom, despair. The horses, the yacht, the sunbeams, the sunshine, the garden, the rose, the arm, the bound, the full of the fragrance of ripening grapes and plum was like drinking some unknown wine, and she strolled down the garden walks with Geoffrey, the yellow leaves drifting around their feet and giving a gust of melancholy that kept the rest from being too dangerously sweet; the sunshine was that afternoon when the thunderstorm came up and they were hurrying to the house and a great bough crashed off the old oak and Geoffrey, with a quick exclamation sprang to snatch her from its blow and caught her in his arms, and she knew that at last he loved her; the sunshine was that day a year later when they all walked to the little village church together, a few rods down the lane, her white veil fluttering about her, her orange flowers,

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He betrayed me, ruined me, ruined you. But as for disposing of what was left of him that is absurd. What did I want of him after the lying life of his was gone? Some meddling fool had it, it may be, or some young doctors found it and used it for dissection, as he deserved. I am sorry for you. I am bitterly sorry to be shut off from you just as you are the most that is to be desired. Well, I shall go into the dark; you will stay in the light; but the game has been worth the candle. They will find me guilty of manslaughter, and by and by I shall finish my sentence and come to you. It may be you will have outgrown me, have forgotten me, have no use for me."

"Geoffrey!" she cried in the midst of her sob.

"Perhaps now you are amazed, angered, bewildered; you shrink from me a trifle; you feel with a sort of loathing that there is blood upon my hands."

"Oh, Geoffrey!" she cried again. "But she knew that what he said was true."

"By and by," he went on, "that will be changed. You will forget the nearer

self she found it easy to persuade the mother to move the little place by the seashore after the letter of farewell came from Geoffrey as if he were on the yacht for a new trip in tropical waters. It was pleasant, the mother said, to gaze over the sea on which he sailed. And then Stella began to live the new and lonely life, knowing it was a lie and seeing that one sin produced another with fatal multiplication, but accepting it all for Geoffrey's sake, sinner or not, for the love of his mother, the innocent woman who had taken her son's young wife into her heart, and who must not be allowed to know of her son's guilt. Then came the long delay, the rumors of wreck, the talk of it together day after day, night after night, with her heart breaking over a great wreck; the hard settling down to the long and weary waiting life. And slowly the years crept by. Their little income met their little wants. And she saw herself growing older, and feared lest if Geoffrey had been only the fair face he might find nothing left to love when he came home, unconscious of the beauty

she knew the truth of his sadder wreck. Up in the great North Pontifical the prison bell through the dusk of the winter morning changed the prisoners to their work. Many a dark day dawned, the air tingling with cold, had Geoffrey obeyed its summons, with hundreds of sullen convicts before and behind him, and not all the monotony, the dull and deadening routine, the blanching prison darkness had taken the spring out of his step, the cheer from his face. Many a morning of splendid sunrise, too, had he fled out with the others, and he had needed the light and color to make him feel that it was good to live, even though it were between those four stone walls.

At first this demeanor of his puzzled the officials of the prison; they could not understand the mood of mind that made a man step lightly here. Presently it vexed them, or some of them. Van-vet, in particular, lost no chance to annoy this prisoner whose bright discipline could not break down the matter of that, he lost no chance to annoy others as well, and, of course, he was hated

the sun." And he suddenly felt sorry for Banister.

It was a little seed, but like the tree of fable, it grew and grew and became a mighty thing to him, till the shade mingled with the prison shade and filled the place with gloom. Not all at once, but by low degrees, that bright brood of his clouded, that defiant smile went out, as a spark dies in ashes. The tread lost its elastic spring. He became, as it seemed to him, a black note swimming in blackness. The enormity of his sin pursued him, grew and grew, like the gentle loosed from the jar, and its atmosphere overshadowed him, folded him, never left him. It was nothing that he would have given life itself to be free from it, for life was of no more value to him now than a pinch of dust. He it was he, who had betrayed friendship, who had robbed Banister of all the joy of earth, and slowly, slowly he went down into the black depths of selfishness.

Such a complete reversal of feeling was something to overthrow every other habit of thought, and all at once Geoffrey found himself so revolted by his sin that he longed to be cleansed from it. But the thing was done. To be cleansed from it? That meant to be forgiven for it. Why should he, how could he be forgiven? And now he was looking at the memory of Stella, and of a mother with another light upon them, and with that he was no longer the chief actor in the scene. It was no longer for him alone that the sun rose and set. But these women sitting at home in the dark of his misdoing, unprotected, broken hearted, they were the ones that grieved. He had been mad, he felt, mad from the moment of the discovery of Banister's act, the moment of the lifted arm, the blow.

The winter, except on the fifth winter of living graves. At last, the first spring was in the air even of the prison yard. Pleasant it was, he knew from Stella's last letter, looking out the windows of that cottage by the sea over the wide tumult of waters, far shimmering blue and silver, blue heaven arching over, the plane melting at last in far

from gang to gang his tyranny and cruelty having put him more than once in danger. Often he reprimanded Geoffrey with no reason. Once, indeed, he struck him. Geoffrey's lifted arm, whirled off the blow. Then he was punished for resisting the officer. But it all made little difference the sense that he had served Banister as Banister deserved, carried him along as if he were still on the top of the wave.

It was a little thing that made the first stir or change in Geoffrey's feelings, that brought him in a measure to himself. A bird, blown by the wind or chased by an enemy, had dashed itself against the bars of his cell, had hung there caught like a fly in a web and had died of the imprisonment. The little bird, which had all the liberty of the air, which was embodied freedom, suddenly filled Geoffrey's heart with wild pity for himself. And when the bird hung dead he remembered that Banister also had been cut off from light and air in that place where "they never see

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horizons of blue mystery. But it was the for him. He hoped at last that there might be something like peace for those that waited there. The convicts had come from the chapel and were returning to their cells. The chaplain had told them of the meaning of Palm Sunday and of the pains once thrown in the way of Him who went up to Jerusalem for the last great sacrifice, and had said that the next time he spoke to them it would be on the morning that symbolized the Resurrection, the rising of the soul toward God, the casting off of the mortal body and mortal sin, and he implored them to let it bring to them the resurrection of their better selves, the lifting of their souls heavenward, the sacrifice of the rest of their lives to the powers that work for righteousness.

There were only a few hearing or heeding the speaker. The rest were silently busy with the question of Van-vet, who had that morning crowned a long series of abuses by an unprovoked act of brutality toward a man, who, turning his ankle, was for a moment unable

forward again. "You know!" roared Geoffrey, his voice ringing through the great corridors like a trumpet, "that I have suffered more than any of you from this man, but you shall reach him only over my dead body."

And in the heartbeats while he held his ground the prison officials were there and the case of those men was worse than before.

In all probability his action would take a large space of time off the years in which Geoffrey was serving his sentence, but it was not of grace he thought when, as it happened a few days afterward, he was sent for by the governor of the prison.

"I would like to break it to you gently," said the governor, "but after all it would come to you like a shock. Did it even occur to your mind that possibly you had not killed Banister?"

"I tried to," said Geoffrey grimly. "It seems that you did not succeed. He contrived to slip away and there appear that you had disposed of his body. It made the crime darker. But life has been too much for him. He has come back, confessing everything, restoring a large part of what he took from you. And it is now up to you to put him in your place, for, of course, after some details, you go free."

"And he goes free, too," said Geoffrey. Stella, with her telegram of the night before in hand, threw open the hills of the other's room and let the sunshine in.

"The blessed Easter sunshine!" she exclaimed. "What a path of glory it is making across the sea! On what a different world it falls since Geoffrey will be home in an hour!"

"Are you quite beside yourself, Stella?" cried the mother.

"Not a particle, mother mine," replied the wife, her face glowing rose like a flower in the sun. "Listen. You would not let me tell you last night, though I led up to it so many times. Here is the telegram: 'Will be with you early to-morrow morning.'"

"Oh, it is true, then!" cried the mother, and she wept and wrung her hands for joy as others do for sorrow. "Oh, my son is given back to me! He has risen from the grave to me this Easter Day!"

And Geoffrey, holding Stella in his arms later that morning and telling her his story, felt that his mother's words were like those of the prophetess—He was some one born again. "I had committed the sin, I had done murder, there is no doubt of that, in my heart, with my hand, even if Banister has come to life again," he said. "But a sin is forgiven when it is impossible for you to commit it again." And while I was protecting you, I was my enemy, the storm of those men's anger raging about me, I felt my forgiveness fall on me like a great peace out of heaven, and I should have been happy even if I had been a prisoner till I died. Think of it, even without you, I was dead in those first years of my prison life. It is hard and terrible, the awakening from the dead. I was dead in my trespasses. But now, thank God, I have risen from the dead!"

forward again. "You know!" roared Geoffrey, his voice ringing through the great corridors like a trumpet, "that I have suffered more than any of you from this man, but you shall reach him only over my dead body."

And in the heartbeats while he held his ground the prison officials were there and the case of those men was worse than before.

In all probability his action would take a large space of time off the years in which Geoffrey was serving his sentence, but it was not of grace he thought when, as it happened a few days afterward, he was sent for by the governor of the prison.

"I would like to break it to you gently," said the governor, "but after all it would come